

Santa Skeleton

I decided to send her a plastic human skeleton, grey, dressed in pine wrappings and with really cool rainbow LED eyes.

The teeth I painted silver, using DecoArt's dazzling metallics. A plastic heart taken from Dr. Wong's famous inventory, lovely in a spectrum of Homo sapiens color— that was of course handily epoxied to the ribcage. I was beforehand inclined to get a fancy Ded Moroz hat (red and white Slavic-style Santa Claus cap) and make sure it wouldn't fly away via birds or thieving passersby when it was time for a walk to her place.

All was in done, and I was tired. A mug of cinnamon cocoa in the living room was a tasty reward for the time spent, with a few sprinkles of red and green stuff that resembled candy. Hm.

To bed I went. About half through the night, which apparently became a black lightning and snow storm out the window, I heard rattling clicking in the other room. Uh oh.

I got out of bed and went back to the living room...and there was the skeleton, watching 70s re-runs of *Sanford and Son* and trying to nibble stale popcorn. Well, that will never do. The skeleton looked pretty funny sitting there, in its fluffy Ded Moroz hat...but I wondered if it were dangerous. Hm.

I walked up a bit while barefoot and asked, "Would you like some soup?" It stopped and looked at me with its incredible prismatic LED eyes winking and flashing. "I would be delighted." Right then I noticed the popcorn it was trying to eat was simply falling through the bony jaws and into its non-flesh body, making a bit of a mess.

Well, now I'm in a pickle...like Charlie Fish chasing his quantum dots, even. What to do? I moved for the kitchen, first exploring my vast cabinet of spices and herbs that looked like a pipe organ, thinking about the proper direction. And then I remembered the sleeping pills. They weren't extremely powerful, and might do the trick. Perhaps after disconnecting the fake Dr. Wong's heart assembly, both affairs would then put the skeleton 100% to rest.

Next time, no epoxy. Maybe some rubber bands.

I found my Flurazepam bottle (sleeping pills) and crushed a few into a mix of paprika, vinegar, and a little black pepper, completing the prep using a delicious broth base that I somehow learned from a Chef Eric Ripert e-mail. Together it all went. I of course had to flip a quick taste, and found it spectacular...like it were direct from the tables of Le Bernardin NYC itself.

Well. Kind of.

Out I went with the silly mistletoe and poinsettia-patterned ceramic soup bowl, filled just under the rim, to see the Xmas skeleton.

I found him still sitting, laughing at the TV screen where Redd Foxx was wearing one of his signature flashy satin smoking jackets while descending dilapidated stairs. "Soup is ready!" I said. The skeleton turned its head quickly, slightly slinging the fuzzy furry ball attached to its Ded Moroz cap.

"Oh, thank you!" It rubbed its hands together, which sort of sounded like a maraca with very large beads inside. And I think its LED rainbow eyes flashed a bit harder.

I brought the soup to the skeleton and it was clearly eager to start, pulling the spoon and having a go. I watched the soup drip through its jaws and into the ribcage, kind of like wax melting over and over. The skeleton finished the bowl and handed it back to me. "Thank you!"

The skeleton returned to his viewing of Fred Sanford, almost immediately conked out and started snoring. I of course rapidly disassembled its plasticky heart, finally removing whatever energies the skeleton had commandeered for the evening. I used a couple very large rubber bands, as planned, and put the phony heart directly in place.

Back to bed.

The next morning, it was snowing. I wrapped the quite festive skeleton in a red/green tartan wool blanket, making sure its mind had vacated. Off through the crispy snow I walked, entering the downtown area splashed and well-appointed with vibrant luminous Christmas things.

When close to her place I swear I heard a giggle.

End.